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This

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A

MEMBER of PARLIAMENT,

AND

His SERVANT.

(Price One Shilling)

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[A]

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MEMBER of PARLIAMENT

AND

His SERVANT.

In IMITATION of the

Seventh Satire of the Second Book of *HORACE*.

Quid Leges *sine Moribus*
Vanæ proficiunt ? HOR.

By RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, *Esq*;

LONDON:

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A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A HORATII.

Lib. II. Satira VII.

Davus.

Jamdudum auſculto, & cupiens tibi dicere ſervus
Pauca, reformido.

Hor. *Davuſne?*

BRITISH MUSEUM

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A

MEMBER of PARLIAMENT, and his SERVANT.

Servant.

LONG have I heard your fav'rite theme
A gen'ral Reformation-ſcheme,
To keep the Poor from ev'ry ſin,
From Gaming, Murther, and from Gin.
And now have I no leſs an itch
To venture to Reform the Rich.

Hor. *Davuſne ?* D. *Ita, Davus, amicum*
Mancipium domino, & frugi, quod ſit ſatis ; hoc eſt,
Ut vitale putes. H. *Age, libertate Decembri*
(Quando ita majores voluerunt) utere : narra.
D. *Pars hominum vitiis gaudet conſtanter, & urget*
Propoſitum : pars multa natat ; modo recta capeſſens,
Interdum pravis obnoxia. Sæpe notatus
Cum tribus annellis, modo leva Priſcus inani.
Vixit inequalis, clavum ut mutaret in horas :
Ædibus ex magnis ſubito ſe conderet, unde
Mundior exiret vix libertinus honeſtè :

M. What, *John!* are you too turn'd projector?
Come then, for once I'll hear your lecture.
For ſince a Member, as 'tis ſaid,
His projects to his ſervants read,
And of a fav'rite ſpeech a book made,
With which he tir'd each night a Cook-maid,
And ſo it hapt that ev'ry morning
The taſteleſs creatures gave him warning.
Since thus we uſe 'em, tis but reaſon
We hear our ſervants in their ſeaſon.

Begin. *S.* Like gamblers, half mankind
Perſiſt in conſtant vice combin'd.
In races, routs, the ſtews, and White's,
Paſs all their days and all their nights.
Others again, like Lady Prue,
Who gives the morning church its due,
At noon is painted, dreſt and curl'd,
And one amongſt the wicked world:
Keeps her account exactly even,
As thus: Prue Creditor to Heaven:

Jam mœchus Romæ, jam mallet doctus Athenis
Vivere ; Vertumnis, quotquot sunt, natus iniquis.
Scurra Volanerius, postquam illi justa chiragra
Contudit articulos, qui pro se tolleret, atque
Mitteret in phimum talos, mercede diurnâ
Conductum pavit : quanto constantior idem
In vitiis, tanto leviùs miser ac prior illo,
Qui jam contento, jam laxo fune laborat.

To Sermons heard on Extra-days.
Debtor: To maſquerades and plays.
Item: To Whitfield, half an hour:
Per Contra: To the Colonel, Four.
Others, I ſay, paſs half their time
In Folly, Idleneſs or Crime;
Then all at once their zeal grows warm,
And ev'ry throat reſounds Reform.
A Lord his youth in ev'ry vice
Indulg'd, but chief in Drabs and Dice.
Till worn by age, diſeaſe, and gout:
Then Nature modeſtly gave out.
Not ſo my Lord [illegible]ll, by proxy,
Play'd with his d[illegible]and Doxy.
I laud this Con[illegible]rch's ſtate
And pity all who fluctuate;
Prefer this ſlave to dear Back-gammon,
To thoſe who ſerve both God and Mammon:
To thoſe who take ſuch pains to awe
The Nation's vices by the *Law*,
Yet while they draw their bills ſo ample,
Neglect the influence of *Example*.

H. *Non dices hodie, quorsum hæc tam putida tendunt,*
Furcifer? D. *Ad te, inquam.* H. *Quo pacto, pessime?* D. *Laudas*
Fortunam & mores antiquæ plebis, & idem,
Si quis ad illa Deus subito te agat, usque recusses:
Aut quia non sentis, quod clamas, rectius esse;
Aut quia non firmus rectum defendis; & hæres,
Nequicquam cœno cupiens evellere plantam.
Romæ rus optas, absentem rusticus urbem
Tollis ad astra levis: si nusquam es fortè vocatus
Ad cœnam, laudas securum olus, at velut usquam
Vinctus eas, ita te felicem dicis, amasque,
Quod nusquam tibi sit potandum. Jusserit ad se
Mecænas serum sub lumina pr[illegible]
Convivam, Nemon' oleum fere[illegible]quis
Audit? cum magno blateras cl[illegible]risque.

Milvius

M. To whom d'ye preach this ſenſeleſs ſermon?
S. To you, good Sir. *M.* To Me, ye Vermin?
S. To you, who ev'ry day profeſs
T' admire the times of good Queen Beſs,
But yet your Heart ſincerer praiſe
Beſtows on theſe or Charles's days:
You ſtill approve ſome abſent place
(The preſent's ever in diſgrace.)
And, ſuch your ſpecial inconſiſtence,
Make the chief merit in the diſtance.
If e'er you miſs a ſupper-card
(Tho' all the while you think it hard)
You're all for ſolitude and quiet,
Good hours and vegetable diet,
Reflection, air and elbow room:
No Priſon like a crouded Drum.
But ſhould you meet her Grace's ſummons
In full committee of the Commons,
Tho' well you know her crouded houſe
Will ſcarce contain another mouſe,
You quit the buſineſs of the nation,
And Brethren of the Reformation.

Miloius & ſcurræ, tibi non referenda precati
Diſcedunt. Etenim fateor me, dixerit ille,
Duci ventre levem : naſum nidore ſupinor :
Imbecillus, iners, ſi quid vis, adde, popino.
Tu cùm ſis quod ego, & fortaſſis nequior, ultrò
Inſectere velut melior, verbiſque decoris
Obvolvas vitium ? quid, ſi me ſtultior ipſo
Quingentis empto drachmis deprenderis ? Aufer
Me vultu terrere : manum ſtomachumque teneto,
Dum quæ Criſpini docuit me janitor, edo.

Tho' —— begs you'll ſtay and vote
And zealous - - - - - tears your coat.
You damn your coachman, ſtorm and ſtare;
And tear your throat to call a chair.
Nay, never frown, and good now hold
Your hand awhile: I've been ſo bold
To paint your Follies; now I'm in,
Let's have a Word or two on Sin.
Laſt Night I heard a learned Poulterer
Lay down the Law againſt th' Adulterer:
And let me tell you, Sir, that few
Hear better doctrine in a pew.
Well! you may laugh at Robin-Hood:
I wiſh your ſtudies were as good.
From *Mandeville* you take your Morals:
Your Faith from Controverſial quarrels;
But ever lean to thoſe who ſcribble
Their crudities againſt the Bible;
Yet tell me I ſhall crack my brain
With hearing Henley or Romaine.
Deſerves that Critick moſt rebuke
In judging on the Pentateuch.

Te conjux aliena capit, meretricula Davum?
Peccat uter noſtrum cruce dignius? acris ubi me
Natura incendit; ſub clarâ nuda lucernâ
Quæcunque excepit turgentis verbera caudæ,
Dimittit, neque famoſum, neque ſollicitum, ne
Ditior aut formæ melioris meiat eodem.
Tu cum, projectis inſignibus, annulo equeſtri,
Romanoque habitu, prodis ex judice Dama
Turpis, odoratum caput obſcurante lacernâ,
Non es quod ſimulas? metuens induceris, atque
Altercante libidinibus tremis oſſa pavore.

Quid

Who deems it, with ſome wild Fanatics,
The only School of Mathematics?
Or he, who making grave Profeſſion,
To lay aſide all Prepoſſeſſion,
Calls it a Bookſeller's Edition
Of Maim'd Records and Vague Tradition?

You covet, Sir, your neighbour's goods:
I take a *Piece* at Peter Wood's;
And when I've turn'd my back upon her,
Unwounded in my heart or honor,
I feel nor infamous, nor jealous
Of Richer Culls, or Prettier Fellows.
But you, the grave and ſage Reformer,
Muſt go by Stealth to meet your charmer;
Muſt change your Star and ev'ry note
Of honor for a Bear-ſkin coat.
That Legiſlative head ſo wiſe
Muſt ſtoop to baſe and mean diſguiſe.
Some Abigail muſt then receive you,
Brib'd by the Huſband to deceive you.

Quid refert uri virgis, ferroque necari?
Auctoratus eas; an turpi clauſus in arcâ,
Quò te demiſit peccati conſcia herilis,
Contractum genibus tangas caput?
Ibis ſub furcâ prudens, dominoque furenti
Committes rem omnem, & vitam, & cum corpore famam.
Evâſti? credo metues, doctuſque cavebis.
Quæres quando iterùm paveas, iterumque perire
Poſſis. O toties ſervus! quæ bellua ruptis
Cùm ſemel effugit, reddit ſe prava catenis?
Non ſum mœchus, ais: neque ego hercule fur, ubi vaſa
Prætereo ſapiens argentea: ville periclum,
Jam vaga proſiliet frenis natura remotis,
Tune mihi dominus, rerum imperiis hominumque
Tot tantiſque minor, quem ter vindicta quaterque
Impoſita haud unquam miſenâ formidine priveſt?
Adde ſupradictis, quod non levius valeat. Nam
Sive vicarius eſt, qui ſervo paret, uti mos
Veſter ait, ſeu conſervus; tibi quid ſum ego? nempe
Tu, mihi qui imperitas, aliis ſervis miſer, atque
Duceris, ut nervis alienis mobile lignum.

She ſpies Cornuto on the ſtairs:
Wakes you; then melted by your Pray'rs,
Yields, if with greater bribe you aſk it,
To pack your Worſhip in the baſket.
Laid Neck and Heels true Falſtaff-faſhion;
There form new ſchemes of Reformation.
Thus 'ſcap'd the murd'ring Huſband's fury,
Or thumping fine of Cuckold Jury;
Henceforth, in mem'ry of your danger,
You'll live to all intrigues a ſtranger.
No; ere you've time for this reflection;
Some new debauch is in projection.
And for the next approaching night,
Contrivance for another fright.
This makes you, tho' ſo great, ſo grave,
Nay! wonder not, an abject ſlave.
As much a ſlave as I; nay more;
I ſerve one maſter, you a ſcore.
And as your various paſſions rule,
By turns are twenty Tyrants' Fool.

H. *Quisnam igitur liber?* D. *Sapiens, sibique imperiosus:*
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent:
Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
Fortis; & in seipso totus teres atque rotundus,
Externi nequid valeat per læve morari.
In quem manca ruit semper fortuna. Potesne
Ex his, ut proprium, quid noscere? Quinque talenta
Posci te mulier, vexat, foribusque repulsum
Perfundit gelidâ; rursus vocat. Eripe turpi
Colla jugo. Liber, liber sum, dic age. Non quis;
Urget

M. Who then is free? *S.* The Wiſe alone,
Who only bows to Reaſon's throne;
Whom neither Want, nor Death, nor Chains,
Nor ſubtle Perſecutor's pains,
Nor Honors, Wealth, nor Luſt can move
From Virtue and his Country's Love.
Self-guarded like a globe of ſteel,
External inſults can he feel?
Or ere preſent one weaker part
To Fortune's moſt inſidious dart.
Much honor'd Maſter, may you find
Theſe wholeſome ſymptoms in your mind.
Can you be free while paſſions rule you?
While women ev'ry moment fool you?
While forty mad capricious whores
Invite, then turn you out of doors;
Of ev'ry doit contrive to trick you,
Then bid their happier footman kick you?
Convinc'd by ev'ry new diſaſter,
You ſerve a more deſpotic maſter.

Urget enim dominus mentem non lenis, & acres
Subjectat lasso stimulos, versatque negantem.
Vel cùm Pausiaca torpes, insane, tabellâ,
Qui peccas minùs atque ego, cum Fulvi, Rutubæque,
Aut Placideiani contento poplite miror
Prælia, rubricâ picta aut carbone; velut si
Re vera pugnent, feriant, vitentque moventes
Arma viri? Nequam & cessator Davus: at ipse
Subtilis veterum judex & callidus audis.
Nil ego, sic ducor libo fumante, videbor
Virtus atque animus cœnis respensat opimis.
Obsequium ventris mihi perniciosus est, cur?
Tergа plector enim? Quid tu impunitior illa,

Say can your pride or folly ſee
Such diff'rence 'twixt yourſelf and me?
Shall you be ſtruck with Titian's tints,
And mayn't I ſtop to ſtare at prints?
Diſpos'd along th' extenſive glaſs
They catch and hold me ere I paſs.
Where Slack is made to box with Broughton,
I ſee the very ſtage they fought on:
The Bruiſers live, and move, and bleed,
As if they fought in very deed.
Yet I'm a loit'rer, to be ſure,
You a great Judge and Conoiſſeur.
Shall you prolong the midnight ball
With coſtly banquet at Vaux-hall,
And yet prohibit earlier ſuppers
At Kilbourn, Sadlers-wells, or Cuper's?
Are theſe leſs innocent in fact,
Or only made ſo by the Act?

Quæ parvo ſumi nequeunt, cùm obſonio captas?
Nempè inamareſcunt epulæ ſine fine petitæ;
Illuſique pedes vitioſum ferre recuſant
Corpus. An hic peccat, ſub noctem qui puer uvâ
Furtivam mutat ſtrigilem? Qui prædia vendit,
Nil ſervile gulæ parens habet? Adde quod idem

Non

Thoſe who † contribute to the tax
On tea and chocolate and wax,
With high ragouts their blood inflame,
And nauſeate what they eat for fame,
Of theſe the Houſes take no knowledge
But leave them fairly to the College.
Oh! ever proſper their endeavours
To aid your Dropſies, Gouts and Fevers.
Can it deem'd a ſhame or ſin
To pawn my livery for gin,
While Bonds and Mortgages at White's
Shall raiſe your fame with Arthur's Knights?
Thoſe worthies ſeem to ſee no ſhame in,
Nor ſtrive to paſs a ſlur on Gaming;
But rather to deviſe each Seſſion
Some law in honor o' th' profeſſion.

Leſt

† It was urged in the Petitions of ſome of the Houſes of Publick Entertainment, that the Suppreſſion of them might greatly diminiſh the Duties on Tea, Chocolate, and Wax-Lights.

Non horam tecum esse potes, non vivere recte?
Ponere ; teque ipsum vitas fugitivus & erro ;
Jam vino quærens, jam somno fallere curam,
Frustrà : nam comes atra premit, sequiturque fugacem. 115

H.

Leſt ſordid hands or vulgar place
The noble myſt'ry ſhould debaſe;
Leſt ragged ſcoundrels in an alehouſe,
Should chalk their cheatings on the bellows;
Or boys the ſacred rites profane
With orange barrows in a lane.
Where lies the merit of your labors
To curb the follies of your neighbours;
Deter the Gambler, and prevent his
Confed'rate arts to gull the prentice;
Unleſs you could yourſelf deſiſt
From Hazard, Faro, Brag, and Whiſt?
Unleſs your Philoſophic Mind
Can from within amuſement find,
And give at once to uſe and pleaſure
That truly precious time, your leiſure.
In vain your buſy Thoughts prepare
Deceitful Sepulchres of care:
The downy couch, the ſparkling bowl,
And all that lulls or ſooths the ſoul—

H. *Unde mihi lapidem?* D. *Quorsùm eſt opus?* H. *Unde ſagittas?*
D. *Aut inſanit homo, aut verſus facit.* H. *Ocyùs hinc te*
Ni rapis, accedes opera agro nona Sabino.

F I N I S.

M. Where is my cane, my whip, 'my hanger?
I'll teach you to provoke my anger.
S. Heyday! my maſter's brain is crackt!
Or elſe he's making ſome new Act.
M. To ſet ſuch Rogues as you to Work,
Perhaps, * or ſend you to the Turk.

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* Among the many projects for the puniſhment of Rogues, it has been frequently propos'd to ſend them in exchange for Engliſh Slaves in Algiers.

FINIS.

M. Where is my cane, my whip, my hanger?

I'll teach you to provoke my anger.

S. Heyday! my master's brain is cracked!

Or else he's making some new Act.

M. To fetch such Rogues as you to Work,

Perhaps, * or send you to the Turk.

* Among the many perils for the punishment of Rogues, it has been seriously proposed to send them in exchange for Christian Slaves in Algiers.

FINIS.